# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.*

Volume VIII | New York, Wednesday, July 11, 1928 | Number 10


## CONTENTS


The Sins of the Fathers ..... 259

Week by Week ..... 261

The End of Endlessness ..... 264

What They Did at Houston ..... Charles Willis Thompson 265

Changes in the State Department ..... William Franklin Sands 267

Concerning Ruth Schaumann ..... George N. Shuster 270

Two Poems ..... Rainer Maria Rilke 271

The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 272

Poems of Ruth Schaumann ..... 273

Communications ..... 274

Books ..... John Carter, Vaughn Francis Meisling, Roderick Gill, Harry Lorin Binsse, Francis A. Litz 274


# THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

THE missionary is the villain of the piece in many a returned traveler's tale. He is scored in detail and in gross. He is censured both for what he does and for what he omits to do. He is practically blamed for being there at all. His sourness to ancient tabus and fetishes is not to the taste of the anthropologist, new style. His tendency to cover up what was not known to be nakedness till his arrival exposes him to the gibes of the sophisticate. Imperialists and anti-imperialists agree in making him responsible for many of the dubious blessings that colonial enterprise brings to aboriginal populations. The latter will instance his traditional nervousness when gunboats bearing the national ensign are not within call. "Thank God for the marines!" The former, while bestowing a surly approval on his enterprises just so long as, and no longer than, Bible and Cross blaze the way for trade, have little patience with him when his efforts go beyond the sphere they would allot him, and venture to instil seeds of Christian liberty as well as Christian dignity into darkened brains. "Putting ideas into the natives' heads!"

There can be little doubt about the rôle to which a pagan civilization (such as ours has become) would reduce the missionary were it not hampered by Christian traditions which it is not yet considered safe nor decent to disregard. As an agent of hygiene and a liaison officer of the white man's law, acting, of course, under instructions from headquarters, little fault would be found with him. There would be no objection even to his religious teachings were they confined to making the new order palatable to subject races, and dosing catechumens with just the amount of Christian morality that the white master is prepared to show forth in his own life. Unfortunately for this theory, what the missioner to far lands brings (and there would be neither charity nor reason in excluding from this encomium bodies other than those of our own communion) is the gospel message preached two thousand years ago by the lake of Galilee. Received by simple and backward races familiar with none of the glozes that civilized society, for its own very good reasons, has written on the beatitudes, one inevitable result is to create a glaring contrast between the white man's religion and the white man's social practice, that does not help dutiful and obsequious service. Wherever the Gospel is preached to primitive peoples, a host of problems, some of them very delicate, are sure to arise. When they work out badly the missionary is a handy scapegoat.

In noticing a particularly bitter attack on Catholic missionary effort and the congregations which are its


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

main source of supply, by a noted radical editor of Paris, the Osservatore Romano of June 10 takes the very commendable step of replying, not argumentatively, but by a simple statement of some recent facts communicated from the mission field itself. The tone of the remarks which inspired the article will surprise many who believed that the extreme anti-clericalism they register was a dead issue. But they are worth quoting if only to show the spirit which the noble priests, brothers and nuns in a country which is still the world's most active focus of missionary effort have to contend with in certain quarters at home.

"Against the congregationalist scourge, the worst that can exist for any nation, there is but one remedy: absolute expulsion, perpetual interdiction of residence in civilized countries for these dangerous individuals, men or women, who cannot be considered as human beings, since their only reason for living consists in the annihilation of all activity, all honest labor, and in the perpetuation of misery and sorrow."

Calumnies of this order, the Osservatore observes, merit no other answer save the answer of facts. Our best tribute to the justice of the remark is to follow the example of the Roman organ and give space to a few sins that it quotes:

"In the region of the South Pole, in a rocky and inhospitable little group of islands, flayed by icy winds, damp and cold, a population had been living composed of wild Indians, fishermen, bad characters and convicts whom the Argentine government had deported to this last inhabited corner of Cape Horn. Cut off from the world, the unhappy men had been existing in a state not far removed from savagery. One day a band of missionaries of the rule of Dom Bosco landed on their shores. Today there are hospitals for the sick, workshops for those who care to work, and a church for those who wish to pray. (Salesian Bulletin, January, 1928). . . .

"Two years ago Boenda, located half an hour from the Thupa, a tributary of the Congo, was virgin forest, filled with wild beasts. The missionaries of the Sacred Heart have established a station there, they have felled trees and burned roots, sowed thirty acres with manioc, and built twenty-three houses with clay walls and palm roofs, a church and school for boys. Today Boenda is a large and populous village. (Annals of the Sacred Heart, May, 1928). . . .

"Until the year 1910, when Catholic missionaries appeared in the district, Huamba, in Portuguese Angola, was forest and unreclaimed land. From the moment Catholic missionaries founded a station there it became a rendezvous for the scattered inhabitants of the region. House building and agricultural enterprise have progressed to such an extent that Huamba today is a veritable city where 2,500 Europeans reside among the native population. Its position, over 5,000 feet above sea level, was so well chosen by its founders that the High Commissioner of Angola, Signor Ferreira, has proposed to the home government a transferance of the seat of government from Loanda, a low-lying and notoriously unhealthy site, to the new city. (Fides Agency). . . .

"Following the announcement of the death of Father Nicouleau, literally eaten away by leprosy, news has arrived from Tarawa that Father Choblet, after twenty-two years' service among the leper colony, has contracted the disease in aggravated form, and lives at present interned among his flock, continuing his services to them at the cost of intense suffering while awaiting total disability. . . .

"Recent statistics of the missions of the Society of Jesus in non-Christian countries show that their apostolate now extends to 1,859,000 Catholic Christians served by 2,200 missionaries. . . . Apart from their activities in education, primary and secondary, the order directs eight leper establishments with 6,000 patients, twenty-seven hospitals with 13,553 inmates, 110 orphanages with 10,128 orphan children, and 357 dispensaries. . . .

"Statistics compiled by the Catholic University of Milan, reveal the fact that the life of a foreign missionary priest, computed from the day he enters orders, is shorter by fourteen years than the average life of priests at home. . . . On the west coast of Africa alone, 200 priests have died before attaining the age of twenty-eight."

These little extracts, almost pathetic in their bald statement of heroism, self-sacrifice and talents squandered, if we may permit ourselves the word, for God, that would have secured wealth, ease and repute at home, are or should be a commonplace of Catholic knowledge and Catholic consciousness. They are only an average type of the messages, multiplied a hundred- and a thousand-fold, that appear monthly and quarterly in bulletins and magazines published by the great missionary orders, old and new, all over Europe and increasingly in this country, as what might well be termed the Maryknoll spirit grows upon the imaginations of young American Catholic manhood. The world at large knows little of these things and rather averts its face from what knowledge reaches it. They do not figure in annual estimates when the handful of great powers that permit themselves the luxury of colonial possessions reckon up the rewards of empire in pounds, francs and dollars, freights and tonnage. Thinkers who detest the whole imperialistic ideology and prophesy disaster for countries that build their prosperity on exploitation too often accord the missionary a share of the discredit. But we know that in the sorry record of man's dominion over man he is writing not only the brightest chapter but the chapter most likely to be permanent. Dominion—lust of power—are dubious and unstable things. The seed planted by such men, though its destiny be to be watered in blood and reaped in a fashion we do not look for, has its fruit, in God's good time, assured it. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10


## WEEK BY WEEK

THE stabilizing of the French franc, accomplished dramatically enough by Premier Poincaré, once more gives the world an opportunity to estimate the destruction wreaked by world wars. Prior to the heroic struggle on the Marne these little silver coins whereupon liberty and equality were inscribed so amiably were obtainable at the rate of five for $1.00. The present cost is slightly more than twenty-five for $1.00. Thrifty people who saved their money and, ironically enough, placed it in "securities," are thus witnessing a dwindling away of their fortunes equivalent to what would happen in the political sphere if the United States were to shrink to the dimensions of the original thirteen colonies. By comparison with such an event—which, even so, is better than most people hoped for a year ago—the privilege of a martial victory or even the annexation of provinces like Alsace and Lorraine are unsubstantial rewards. In view of this history it is difficult to conceive of how anything short of dire necessity can impel any nation, in the future, to resort to the weapon of war. On the other hand, their loss ought not to arouse the French to new heights of bitterness against their war-time enemies but rather to a better understanding of how these, too, have suffered and sacrificed in the aftermath of nationalistic conflict.

IN CALLING a Pan-American conference on conciliation and arbitration for December, Secretary Kellogg merely follows the direction of the Havana parley. Although the work to be done in Washington is determined and assigned before the delegates meet, there is no question but that this country's attitude on intervention will overshadow all other considerations. "Compulsory arbitration," which is expected to be the basis of a new Pan-American treaty, is an idea from which most of our statesmen instinctively recoil. Mr. Hughes, in a recent address at Princeton, drew a nice distinction between political and non-political intervention. Under the latter falls the "appropriate protection of citizens and cases of denial of justice," which he conceives as sufficent justification for intervention. Evidently he and the Coolidge administration hope to maintain this distinction in any ratified treaty. Mr. Hughes himself realizes that to achieve such an aim requires delicate handling and astute diplomacy. Consequently the task of the United States representatives will be difficult, since they must seek from other nations concessions greater than they can make. Nevertheless many excellent results are possible. Just as the most pronounced success of the Havana conference was the fostering of good-will, intangible but essential to further unity, so the least that can be expected from the December conference is the strengthening of Pan-Americanism by eliminating contentious issues.

AN EQUITABLE interpretation of the League of Nations provisions was made by the World Court in the case between Poland and Germany regarding minority German schools in Polish Upper Silesia. There, under the terms of a German-Polish agreement, schools have been established to receive German students. The League recognizes the right of a national to declare his children of a "racial, linguistic or religious minority," but Poland protested that this does not constitute an unrestricted right to choose the language in which instruction is to be imparted. She did not abolish the German language schools; she did exclude 7,000 children whose right to attend them was challenged. Her contention was that the declaration designed to state what is the language of a pupil or child should be a mere statement of fact and not one of intention. In this stand Poland was upheld by the Court, which further asserted that a person's statement of minority shall be taken as sufficient evidence, permitting no pressure on the part of authorities, nor verification. The schools that are privately run are still open to the German desirous of rearing his children in the mother tongue and denied the government institutions. There are other countries in which we would be glad to see a similar equitable compromise arrived at.

THE celebration of the final issue of the final volume of the stupendous, Gargantuan, Brobdingnagian or what have you Oxford English Dictionary by a dinner in London three weeks ago, at which Premier Baldwin was the principal speaker, is a handy occasion on which to contemplate a noble edifice of scholarship and research, of equal interest to dwellers on both sides of the Atlantic who speak the English tongue. The work,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the late Mr. Morgan Richards might well have described as "mammoth in character," has been seventy years in coming to completion. When Samuel Johnson, whose Dictionary laid the foundation for all subsequent attempts in the same direction, issued his immortal "Plan," he calculated that, with six amanuenses, he could do the work in three years. Preliminary work on the Oxford Dictionary was begun on January 7, 1858. When the editorship was taken over in 1882 by Dr. (afterward Sir) James Murray, his opinion was that he and his six assistants (he had the same number as Johnson) might accomplish the task of issuing all the volumes in eleven years. Actually it has taken forty-six from that date. Murray's prophecy as to size was more accurate. He said the matter would fill ten volumes, each of 1,600 pages, which is about what has actually happened.

EVEN as it is, the book could never have been completed without the service, often extending over many years, of gratuitous workers as readers and compilers. Many of these, like the late Fitzedward Hall, Dr. W. C. Minor, Mr. Albert Matthews and Mr. C. W. Ernst, the last two of Boston, were Americans. Indeed at an early date the suggestion was made (though unfortunately never carried out) that American helpers should make themselves entirely responsible for the whole of eighteenth-century literature, a remarkable tribute to the interest in that period which has always been taken on this side of the Atlantic. Before the work even approached completion, the staff were busied over a supplementary volume to include words incorporated into the language since the first volume was published, in February, 1884. The absence from this first volume of such familiar words as "aeroplane" and "appendicitis" is an eloquent testimony to the rapid growth of language and knowledge. Lovers of statistics will be interested to hear that the complete dictionary contains 15,000 pages, 414,825 words, well over 3,000,000 quotations and 178 miles of type. In the alphabetical marathon S leads with 57,428 words, followed by P with 37,689 and C with 29,295. The cost of the monumental work is estimated at a million and a half dollars, and few will be found to say that philology has not made a good bargain.

TO WHAT an extent the automobile is effecting industrial changes throughout rural United States is possibly best realized in the Middle-West. Just as the coming of the railroad determined the appearance of factory towns and transit centres a generation ago, so now the laying down of a new concrete highway means that a group of people anxious to cater to tourist needs will band themselves into a little community, and that the work involved in handling merchandise delivered by truck will induce a score or two of thrifty folk to settle down near the "cement." Beyond all this is the change that has come into many farmers' lives. A writer to the Chicago Tribune reports, after "a tour of 2,500 miles through eastern and midwestern states," that numerous husbandmen are now keeping quite as profitable an eye on the traveler as upon their crops. It is a familiar sight, he says, "to find a farmer out in his field working while his wife and children are left to operate an automobile filling station and pop stand." The vista thus created is fascinating enough. Who knows but what the traffic arteries, in modifying the industrial opportunities of the country, will go far toward helping to solve diverse problems which now perpetually baffle the observer?

THERE lies a distinct virtue, not too often exercised, in an admission of error. A bow to overwhelming public opinion in a matter that involves no great principle removes a man from the narrowness of obstinacy and egoism. Such a gesture should be made by Mr. Whitney Warren, American architect of the restored library of Louvain. Evidence of the ill feeling which his "furore Teutonico diruta" inscription will arouse can be had in the violence with which his sympathizers have wrecked an alternative dedication. Aside from considerations of effect on national sentiment, what end is served by such wording remains an enigma. Regard for truth does not imply its emphasis on all occasions, and American generosity can be sufficiently accredited without recourse to bad taste. Mr. Warren, reading Horace's "Exegi monumentum, aere perennius, regalique situ pyramidum altius," might learn that the truths of history are more imperishable than bronze or marble, and that consciousness is alike the surest and safest depository in which to enshrine them.

IN A brochure recently made public, Father Joseph Husslein, S.J., outlined the characteristics of a profession which should appeal very definitely to many educated young men and women. "The trained professional worker, devoted entirely to social service," is in demand everywhere and can secure a pay check commensurate with his training and activity. What the social worker means to American society may be deduced from the situation in New York City, where during 1923 "agencies spent $142,000,000 for what, in general, is social work." During 1927, Catholic charitable effort in the Archdiocese of New York disbursed the sum of $9,000,000 in caring for 189,347 individuals. These varied redemptive labors have created a demand for persons trained to cope with diverse and always interesting problems. The salaries offered are attractive, particularly to women; and beyond that one has the joy of knowing that the day is a perpetual round of good works, sometimes corporal but not infrequently spiritual as well. It goes without saying that the indifferent and the incompetent have no place in a crusade of this character. Surely, however, there are many admirable young people in Catholic colleges today who ought to be shown the desirability of attending the schools of social training established in Washington, at Fordham, and elsewhere.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG the centenaries that have already marked the speeding year, one at least should awaken vivid memories in many a grizzling head. We refer to the hundredth anniversary, which fell in February, of Jules Verne, upon whose career a recent number of Le Correspondant of Paris throws rather unfamiliar light. The distinguished boys' author, it appears, was many years in finding the medium through which the world, which uses it own values, was to remember him. It was not until he was over forty that Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea gained him universal fame and a fortune very far below what a writer so popular would achieve today. Before that date he had wooed the dramatic muse systematically with comedies and vaudevilles. It is significant of his peculiar turn of mind, so strangely ahead of his age, that some of these pieces have had to wait for their predestined medium until the invention of the film gave an opportunity to free them from the restraints of dramatic unity upon limitless imagination.

A CERTAIN school of critics whose misfortune is to take everything too seriously has sought to add to the clever writer's reputation by seeing in the man who pre-featured the submarine and the air-ship (not the airplane) an authentic prophet of science. This is rather heavy praise. The direction invention was likely to take was already pretty clearly defined to the generation of the seventh and eighth decades of the last century. What is safe to assert in Verne's case is that a fantasy played with it that never quite passed the limits of sobriety. This is more than can be said of his modern imitators. Moreover he was a remarkably sane and healthy writer. "It is to be hoped," says the article from which we have gathered the above details, "that young people will never cease to read Jules Verne. Strewn here and there over pages which exhort them to a brave fight for life they will find counsels and examples of moral honesty, loyalty, honor, courtesy and charity."

PEOPLE are accustomed not merely to traveling faster than their ancestors could, but to traveling more luxuriously as well. What promises to effect a revolution in American train service is the new type of coach equipment which the New York Central is soon to introduce to voyagers from New York to Buffalo. Here is a long and stately array of coaches which have borrowed the best characteristics of upholstery, comfort and trimness from the automobile. The seats remind one of a high-priced limousine; the windows are actually constructed to permit gazing upon the passing shows of nature. Add to all this a dozen conveniences which used to be restricted to limited trains, and you have a variety of locomotion which was really inconceivable twenty years ago. One can imagine that passengers familiar with diverse "slow trains" which have been perfect exemplifications of torture may feel that the "new order" is too good to be true. But undoubtedly the railroads sense the necessity for recapturing some of that vast army of tourists who have exchanged the stuffy and mournful coach for the charm of an automobile, wherefore progress is likely to be continuous. Who knows? Riding on a train may in time cease to be a mere impetus to pessimism.

GRAVE reasons should be advanced before new prohibitory laws are made a part of American legal codes. The spirit of censorship is already too rampant in the land. Yet it is natural that the ire of practically all citizens should be aroused over the spectacle of the "marathon dance." It is made all the more outrageous by the exploitation for gain of men and women who barely rise above the intellectual status of morons. This aspect of an age which prides itself on its rarefied civilization and advancement is a glaring indication of decadence in good taste and morals. However much such performances in public halls may be repeated, the remedy should not lie in legislation. When preponderant opinion is plainly set against the staging of contests of this kind, their promoters will unquestionably bow. The press has been practically unanimous in its editorial denunciations. If it denied its news columns to any account of the proceedings, it would be taking much more effective steps.

RELAYED news from England that American chewing-gum is taking a place in the import statistics out of all proportion to what the more conservative Englishman considers its merits need cause no surprise. Previous to the war the habit was confined to a few expatriates, of whom it is safe to say Henry James was not one, and to a handful of facile imitators eager for exotic experiments. It was always possible, though not easy, to obtain the toothsome inedible in London shops of the proletarian order. One particular brand, wrapped in fringed paper bearing the effigy of an Indian chief, lingers in boyhood memory and the prophylactic merits of more advertised brands will not efface it. On a big scale, the habit of gum-chewing was imported into Europe by Canadian troops on or about the autumn of 1914, and after a few disastrous intestinal experiences due to a complete misunderstanding of its function, established itself in favor as a nerve steadier at moments of strain and a thirst quencher when more grateful methods of relieving thirst were absent. The merits and demerits of the custom in its new home may be left to that useful pinch hitter in the British press, the "Family Physician," to discuss. It is quite certain they will not affect the sales of chicle. "Fidgeting," as the Manchester Guardian remarks in discussing the innovation," is a natural nervous reaction to an unnatural nervous strain," and, since it seems to be the inevitable function of civilization to increase the unnatural strains, we are likely to elaborate the technique of fidgeting as the world grows older. If British ingenuity ever furnishes addicts with some seemly method of disposing of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indestructible remainder when the last jot and tittle of flavor has been extracted, and will communicate it to the land of origin, it will have richly repaid us for the boom conferred on British fidgetiness.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church, its boards of prohibition, public morals and what not, deserved the smart reproof our contemporary the New York World delivered it last week. We have had to notice the activities of Bishop James Cannon before in these columns, and are not surprised, taking due note of the electricity with which the atmosphere at Houston is charged, that his action in appearing before the Resolutions Committee of the Democratic Convention with an autocratic demand for a dry plank in the party platform, proved too much for the composure of two senators. In asking by what right he appeared at all, and in speculating what would have happened had a bishop "of another denomination," made the same gesture, the World puts its finger pretty accurately on a sensitive nerve that is getting more and more sensitive. Through sheer reiteration and by spreading implications broadcast that truth cannot always be hunting down (for it has other and pressing work to do) one section of our very diverse citizenry has done its utmost to implant the suggestion in the public mind that it, and it alone, is the spokesman for the nation on matters of ethics and public morals. There is no one way in which what has become a very serious national danger to peace and concord can be met. But there is a growing conviction, often in unsuspected places, that this un-American thing has gone far enough. And we shall be very much surprised if this conviction does not register itself, silently, unmistakably and constitutionally this fall.

## THE END OF ENDLESSNESS

THOUGH the air is filled with applause for the first woman to cross the Atlantic in an air-ship, it is already apparent that the time is coming when trans-oceanic flying will seem fairly tame. This inevitable seeping of enthusiasm from the crowd's welcome to the conquering pilot is regrettable enough in a way, but it obviously does mark the progress of the venture into the realm of practical science. A thing demonstrates its utility in almost exactly the same proportion as it loses its novelty. In the nature of things an invention that enters into the realm of the practical must make its farewell bow to the wide publicity that was really an evidence of the world's concern over the pioneers who took their chance with it in more hazardous and speculative days. Interest then shifts to other inventions not yet broken in to practicability, and it is safe to say that adventurous spirits will always be found ready to meet the new demand.

Adventurers are, of course, devising new attractions. A German inventor is looking forward hopefully to the day when a strange ship, equipped with one rocket to send it spinning through space and another to hurl it back again, will return from a voyage to the moon. It is conceivable that the engineer of such a trip might cause some little stir. Indeed, if he managed to land somewhere near New York, the last New Hampshire hermit would probably buy an excursion ticket to the scene of action.

But, though the airship has begun to seem a handy device, the problems involved are manifestly far from being disposed of. We have grown so accustomed to thinking about the wonders of science that we are in danger of ignoring the prosaic facts of science—the vast, cosmic fields in which its work is done. The reaches of mechanical energy, from causality on down the list, are as definitely staked out as any acre into which a horticulturist places his seeds and plants. A genius like Luther Burbank can create marvels of beauty and usefulness, but he never dreams of getting on without the soil, light and moisture upon which his nurslings feed. Quite in the same way, no worker in physics or chemistry can sunder himself from the terrain in which his work is embedded, necessarily, as a condition of its existence.

Those who lived and thought upon this earth a century ago were astonished, understandably enough, at engines which utilized the energy of steam. But though we have become familiar to a point of satiety with such discoveries, the fact remains that no means of transportation yet devised can speed against the cosmic grain. Whenever the automobile ignores the laws of friction and gravity and equilibrium, there is an accident. It is foolhardy to assume that the airplane can rise superior to them. No matter how mechanically perfect the winging craft may become, it must reckon with the truth that it is more directly exposed to collisions with "immovable universal forces" than is such a contrivance as a motor-car. To scout this point, to tell people that travel in the air is as "safe" as any other kind of available locomotion, is simply to mislead them.

There ought to be little doubt that, despite obvious imperfections, the world in its natural state was more nearly graduated to the demands of man than is the present complex of inventions. The application of concentrated energies necessarily involves greater perils. This circumstance can be a source of remedial humility to us all, who sometimes believe that the "magic of the laboratory" can completely revolutionize the conditions of human life. Still more effective chastening, however, lies concealed in the truth that every new research is proving that the cosmos is not a confluence of "infinite modes," capable of endless variation and progress, but a strictly ordered, carefully mapped out territory of masses and forces. Every limitation of our native stature which we surmount is, therefore, not a discovery of boundless liberty but a rediscovery of law which is as basic to the world we live in as architectural plans are to the houses we inhabit. God created the heavens and the earth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WHAT THEY DID AT HOUSTON

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE Democratic party at Houston, confronted by a menacing spectre, smashed the spectre in the face, instead of running away from it. The Republican party at Kansas City, confronted by another menacing spectre, had done precisely the same thing. Politics and cowardice have so long been synonymous that even one of these events would have been sensational. Two of them, in the same year, stagger imagination and dethrone the authority of precedent.

The outcome of these conventions is that we are in for a campaign which no political student believed possible—a campaign conducted honestly and without humbug; or, since that is a little too much to hope for, at least a campaign with more honesty and less humbug than the history of thirty-three such contests, from 1796 to 1924, had given us the slightest reason to expect. From the Adams-Jefferson to the Coolidge-Davis campaign there is no parallel for this.

The dragon in the Republican path was farm relief. Instead of ignoring their sore spot the Republicans lanced it. The Democratic sore spot was religious bigotry. The Democrats lanced it—savagely. In both cases the operation hurt. There rose anguished and agonized threats of a bolt. To those threats the Republicans at Kansas City had replied, "Very well, bolt." The Democrats made the same answer. And, as courage pays in politics, though it is so seldom tried that its efficacy as a vote-getter is often doubted, both parties reduced the danger of a bolt to the minimum by their defiances.

It will be said, of course, that the Democratic ogre was not intolerance in religion but prohibition, and that the Democrats dodged it. Most of the Democratic politicians went to Houston thinking that prohibition was indeed the danger spot. The convention had actually been in session twenty-four hours before they discovered, with considerable astonishment, that the real terror was skulking in the background and was using the liquor issue as a mask. The rest of the convention was a prompt and sturdy and final throttling of the terror; it was dragged into the light and exposed and smashed, over and over again. This became the real work of the convention. A thousand assembled Americans were called upon to answer, once for all, how they stood on the question of religious proscription, and they answered it in such fashion that the unmasked horror was leveled to the earth. The American spirit, so long libeled, answered when it was roused.

It was not the nomination of Governor Smith that created this situation, for that nomination was a foregone conclusion. The week before the convention met the incoming stragglers knew that the battle on that question was to be a sham battle. His opponents were merely shadow-boxing, to carry out the wishes of their folks at home. The Smith men, on their side, gave them every chance. The word was courtesy and fair dealing; let the opposition have full swing, let the steam roller be banished. So far did this go that the astounding spectacle was presented of the majority actually working hard to stave off a first-ballot nomination instead of laboring to win one. Not until Tuesday, the opening day of the convention, did Mr. Olvany and the other Smith managers give in to the inevitable and admit that it was no use trying to hold Smith's nomination off longer than the first ballot. There was no pretense about it; it was the real thing.

The only problem remaining, it then seemed, was how to avoid a nasty split over the prohibition plank in the platform; for it was still supposed that the liquor question was the crucial one. But while the national leaders were laboring with this difficulty, they began to be aware of a strange undercurrent. Directed by Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans and William Zumbrunn, its chief counsel, the Klansmen were engineering the opposition to Smith. The character of the opposition was rapidly coming to the surface, in spite of the pretense that nothing was at issue but a difference of opinion about the Eighteenth Amendment.

When Temporary Chairman Bowers concluded his keynote speech on Tuesday night, the convention adjourned still under the impression that the only problem was how to adopt a platform that would soothe the drys and reconcile them to Smith's nomination. By the next forenoon the leaders were aware of the real state of the case. Senator Robinson, taking the gavel as permanent chairman, instantly grappled with the situation in the manly and outright manner characteristic of him. His speech had been written out long before; but at the end of it he departed from his manuscript to say, unexpectedly and with cataclysmic effect: "Jefferson glorified in the Virginia statute of religious freedom. He rejoiced in the provision of the Constitution that declares no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for office or trust in the United States."

It had no relation to anything in his speech, and was added for a purpose. It was like the touching off of dynamite. At any other time it would have passed as a platitude; but its significance was instantly grasped, and the response of the convention was such a demonstration as is usually reserved only for the nomination of the general choice for President. Forty-three states of the union rose and paraded wildly around the hall, cheering with frenzied enthusiasm this mere statement of a historical and uncontroverted fact. Five

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

southern states refused to join in signifying their approval of what Jefferson and the constitution said about religious freedom. These five southern states were the ones notoriously most under the influence of the Ku Klux Klan. The forty-three other states stormed around them, trying to make them join the procession, but they sat silent and hostile, even while such states as Mississippi was parading tumultuously past them. Mississippi, in fact, led the march.

The party leaders were face to face with an unexpected revelation. They perceived that after Smith was nominated he would be defeated, if defeated at all, by an undercover whispering campaign that would be publicly disavowed by his opponents. The latter would pretend, indeed, to have no knowledge of its existence. Senator Moses, who is to run Hoover's campaign in the East, had already laid the groundwork by announcing that no reference to Smith's religion would be made in the campaign. The Klan, however, which was actually at Houston maneuvering under cover, would continue to direct throughout the next four months the stealthy warfare which had for so long supplied Senator Heflin with his ammunition of scandal. Furthermore, in the convention itself were delegates from Klan states who, while talking about prohibition, were more at home in the klaverns than in Sam Houston Hall.

It was necessary not to stop with the Robinson demonstration, but to take no rest until the furtive enemy had been brought entirely into the light and thoroughly demolished. Thereafter nearly every speaker, from Wednesday to Friday, dragged into his speech the words "religious tolerance" or "religious freedom" and was answered by a cheer. The cumulative effect of this steady, measured trouncing got so on the nerves of the Klan that on Thursday, when Governor Ritchie introduced the phrase as usual, there were yells of pain and anger from the five minority states. Ritchie dominated the uproar by shouting out the phrase again in a tone that seemed to indicate his intention to go on repeating it until the protesters were shamed into silence; and, recognizing this, they saved him the trouble by quieting down.

The Klan recognized its defeat, and sought revenge. Its usual weapon, a campaign of whispers, was employed to prevent Robinson's nomination for Vice-President. Between Wednesday and Friday every possible combination was tried. It was impossible to campaign against him as a Catholic, a wet, or a Tammany man; Robinson is a Methodist, a dry, and lives in Little Rock. But indefatigably Wizard Evans and his allies played on every conceivable stop in the anti-Robinson organ. Old senatorial jealousies and grudges against the hard-hitting Arkansas Senator were revived; state pride was fostered, to increase the crop of favorite sons; the old jangling of one southern state against another was recalled to life. Even Robinson's hot temper was used in the whispering campaign; it was magnified, and from tongue to ear, behind covert hand, ran the insinuation that as a candidate he would be sure to damage the ticket by some outbreak. It was in vain; and once more, and finally, the Klan went down to defeat. The convention adjourned with the hide of religious bigotry spread out and nailed forever to the door of the old red barn. And the American ideal had taken another step forward, in this year of grace 1928.

Beside this achievement the nomination of Smith, for the moment, seems almost secondary. The party leaders are entitled to all the more credit because they fully recognized the possible consequences. In their councils they took the view, very honorably, that even at the cost of Smith's defeat in November it was worth while to lay in the dust forever the spook that has so long made political consciences uneasy; the fear of the religious issue in politics. But they kept on hammering home, inveterately, steadily, persistently, that phrase about "religious freedom" through the mouths of all their speakers, until on Thursday night it got so on the nerves of the minority that ex-Congressman Ball of Texas was exasperated enough to say, in his speech nominating Jesse Jones: "If we are going to win let us quit talking about religious liberty," and about other subjects "settled by the constitution." But "if we are going to win" carried no terrors for the heirs of Jefferson and his statute of religious freedom.

As at Kansas City, the threat of a bolt was constantly dangled before the delegates' eyes, and, as at Kansas City, it was disregarded and defied. Courage, let us repeat, is a good weapon in a political fight. By facing danger the Democrats reduced it. At the finale, when Smith was nominated and the parade of states began, three of the five irreconcilables joined it. The two that stood out were Georgia and Florida, and not in their wildest dreams have the advocates of a bolt seriously included those two in the list of states that would go Republican in November. When they have talked of breaking the solid South, their eyes have been turned to states further north and west.

The threats of a bolt proved, on examination, to come chiefly from paid lobbyists and from that well-known class which, hibernating for four years, always turns up for a strutting hour at every recurring convention. Some of them were Republicans. Much reliance had been placed on demonstrations of praying women, but these were thinly attended and ineffective. The last gasp was a protest meeting on Thursday, which was to wave the threat of a bolt before the eyes of the supposedly timorous convention. But it attracted no attention. Nobody of importance spoke; the stars were ex-Governor Sweet and ex-Congressman Upshaw. Governor Moody did send a letter of regret; he was detained on more important business.

As for the prohibition plank, from which was expected an explosion that would rend the party and make Hoover's election a walkover, the Democrats did what might have been expected. That is, they did what the Republicans did; they saw the Republican

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ante, but did not raise it. It is useless to try to force either party into taking an extreme position on this question for some time to come. At present the hotly contending partisans are clamoring for either despotic enforcement or no enforcement at all; and until there is something else to talk about than these two demands, the parties will continue to straddle and wait.

Both parties have declared for strict enforcement, but that is a phrase that means one thing to your ear and another to mine. Governor Smith of New York and ex-Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania got the same results from their conceptions of enforcement, one being theoretically wet and the other theoretically dry. In this case the Democrats struggled long between the two brands of extremists without being able to make any sense out of either, so far as practical guidance was concerned, and finally shrugged their shoulders and adopted the midway plank proposed by Senator Glass. It displeased Governor Ritchie, who had labored long for a wet plank, and Governor Moody, who had worked hard for a dry one. But the politicians who had worked hardest in the Committee on Resolutions—Bishop Cannon and Senator Glass, for the drys, and Senator Wagner, for the wets—were convinced that it was the best they could get. Mr. Moody had threatened to bring in a minority report and precipitate a fight on the floor of the convention itself; but, finding himself abandoned by the Methodist Bishop and the Virginia Senator, he took the rostrum only to announce that it was no use; for, said he regretfully, "I find I do not represent the minority. I find that I am the minority."

Editorial writers, with no responsibilities for great parties, make merry over the Houston and Kansas City straddles, and say that the platforms show great ingenuity in not saying what their authors think. However, it may be questioned whether the platforms do not, in truth, say just what their authors do think. Translated out of the sonorous platform language, what these two platforms really say is something like this: "Not knowing yet what is the truly statesmanlike way out of the mess the country has got itself into, and pending the receipt of some more light on that matter, we promise, in the meantime, to enforce the law as well as we can; and we hope for better luck in 1932." That is not what the eager and impatient souls in the dry and wet camps want; but who is to prove that it does not state an honest conviction, or that it is not the best anyone can hope for at present?

Governor Smith's own convictions are more positive, as he lost no time in demonstrating. His telegram to Senator Robinson proves that George Brennan was right when he said on his arrival at Houston, that the platform was unimportant since Smith would be the platform.

All things considered, both the parties have done unusually well by the country this year; have acted more intelligently and conscientiously than ever before. It is a genuinely heartening year for those who take an interest in the United States.

# CHANGES IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

AMONG several bills concerning the foreign service, introduced during the session of Congress just passed, Mr. Stephen G. Porter's is likely to attract attention in other places, even if it be altered considerably between now and the next session, for realization is gradually coming to a great many people that major diplomacy requires a very broad and a very practical training which it still seems difficult to obtain in the State Department.

Men within that service have always been conscious of its handicaps and defects, and the greatest credit is due to those who have struggled against them, and in spite of them have maintained a very high standard. Outside of it men are beginning to see as they never have before, the vital importance of the foreign service of the United States to the best interests of the United States, and to understand how much of the policy decisions of a President and a Secretary of State is dependent upon the preparation by the personnel, at home and abroad, of the matter on which such decisions must be made. Service men are beginning to realize that one of their severest handicaps is their almost continual absence from the United States on duty abroad, whereby individuals among them may certainly gain a fund of expert knowledge of Europe, Asia or South America, but certainly do not and cannot gain the same quality of personal knowledge of their own country. Knowledge of the United States can very easily remain theoretical while the other becomes real, whereby the Foreign Service man really can assume a somewhat "foreign" complexion, and suffer to that extent in efficiency.

In the past the service consisted of three branches: the Department, the diplomatic service and the consular service, and in most of its middle history these three have been not only separate but often antagonistic. The Rogers Act has tied in the two last-named branches to one foreign service and has laid the foundations of a more efficiently trained secretariat, paid sufficiently well to overcome one of the greatest evils of the service: the necessity to use only men who could pay their own way. Secretaries of State have struggled against that situation for decades, quite conscious of all its perils. It is possible today for a secretary to go through the various stages up to the responsible rank of minister, and even to live in some minis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terial posts in decent comfort on his salary alone, although it is not yet possible for anyone without personal wealth who wishes to give his life work to the foreign service, to save anything for old age.

An ambassador must still be preferably a man of wealth, and even of very considerable wealth, although distinct betterment is visible there also. We have today several "career" ambassadors whose advancement to that rank is due to ability rather than to wealth. Ability is beginning to count again today as much as it did in our early days, though it is not possible yet, however, for a poor man of outstanding and well-proven ability to be ambassador of the United States, as it is, for instance, in England or in France.

In the meantime, and in spite of betterment in the foreign field of the service, the State Department itself is not in line, and that in spite of the honest and sturdy effort of a handful of first-rate public servants.

In the early days, before the gulf between Europe and the ex-colonies of England had widened to what it is today, when we were struggling for title to this continent against the three greatest colonial empires of the world, our diplomatic representatives were of the same timber as our Presidents. Policies could be originated by diplomats, and policies could be carried on by Secretaries of State and Presidents who had been diplomats themselves in the same capitals and had handled the same vital problems personally. That is not true today. Policies originate at home and in domestic needs of a complicated nature and with Secretaries of State and Presidents who are not and cannot be personally familiar with the peoples and countries with which they have to deal. They must, therefore, rely more than ever for the intimate facts upon the personnel of the State Department. In an effort to meet the situation and to train men to supply these needs and round them out for a useful career, young men have been drawn in from the foreign service in very recent years to serve for a period in the Department, and, while that is an advance, it is also a danger. It is not safe to put immature men in charge of those activities of the government from which war and peace depend. Since diplomacy has to do essentially with such activities, it is certainly vital that aspirants to the higher responsibilities be trained intensively therein, but not as responsible officers until they have proved elsewhere both ability and mature judgment above the average.

Again, there is a certain amount of improvement along that line too, but of date so recent as to be counted in months rather than years. Those who come in contact with the Department today know of several real and unquestionable experts who have been drawn to this branch of the public service, men of solid and practical knowledge, high intelligence and sober and mature habit of mind. They have, however, been drawn from the outside, with a handful of notable exceptions.

Left to itself, it might be that the Department would continue to improve of its own initiative till it corresponds truly with the needs and requirements of the nation. Still, that is not the way of foreign offices in general and historically it is not the way of our State Department, whose sedate and dignified pathway is strewn with the tombstones of excellent trained men bearing Kipling's eastern epitaph. One cannot hustle the Department, any more than one can the East, even for its own good. Men of experience, ability and ripe judgment who developed before the very recent amelioration of their living conditions, tended to drop out in favor of those whose fortunes put them beyond the need to care for the future of their families, and those who remain who are men of marked ability are needed everywhere. So both at home and abroad the service goes on perpetually in the first stages of training. Men from outside, of the proper stature, are not tempted into the Department by the meagre salary still prevailing there.

Mr. Porter's bill is designed to overcome some of these various handicaps, which none recognize more clearly nor deplore more deeply than those who have given their lives to the service. "In the early days prior to the use of cable and radio," says Mr. Porter, "decisions had to rest on the representatives of our government in foreign countries," but "the transfer of that responsibility back to the home service today by modern means of rapid international communication places vital decisions of policy which may ultimately result in peace or war upon the home service at Washington," and he now calls attention to the necessity of recognizing this increased burden and also of recognizing the fact that at present those who prepare and issue instructions dealing with foreign policy are compensated in a manner "grossly inadequate in comparison with the compensation paid to officers of the foreign service who receive and carry out such instructions." Because of the greatly increased duties of the service at the seat of government, Mr. Porter claims that there should be one additional Under-Secretary of State and two additional Assistant Secretaries, chosen from persons who have distinguished themselves in civil life rather than from persons holding office in departments, one of whom shall preside over the personnel of the service.

He proposes that there shall be in the Department in all two Under-Secretaries and six Assistant Secretaries, at $13,500 and $12,000 salaries, respectively. Not more than one Under-Secretary and not more than two Assistant Secretaries at any time shall be persons who have been foreign service officers within seven years next preceding their appointment, and any person appointed to the office of Under-Secretary or Assistant Secretary after date of enactment shall be ineligible for appointment as a diplomatic or consular officer of the United States except as ambassador, and to this a further exception is made, in that the Assistant Secretary charged with the control of personnel may not be appointed as ambassador.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No person shall perform any duties in connection with the administration of home and foreign service who has been a foreign service officer within five years next preceding his entrance upon such duties and no such person shall be eligible for appointment as a foreign service officer or diplomatic or consular officer within five years after separation from the administration.

No foreign service officer (except classes one and two) shall be eligible to a diplomatic position unless such officer has served in the consular branch for at least five years prior to such appointment.

Every one of these provisions is designed to cover a real situation. The serious men in the service will welcome congressional aid. Mr. Porter's bill looks like a realization of the hopes of those men who entered "the career" with high hopes of accomplishment decades ago, and will draw to the service of the Department men from the outside, when needed, whose special experience has made them authorities in some particular field, and who cannot be utilized under the present system.

There can be hardly any department of representative government less amenable to public opinion than that which conducts its foreign relations. There is reason for that. Foreign affairs are not entirely our own and there is warrant for a proper discretion even toward other branches of government. Proper discretion, however, tends over-frequently toward an elaborate secrecy, an attitude of portentous mystery. People respect that need for discretion, nevertheless, and within limits they are right to do so. Even in England, where secretaries of state are officers of government and responsible to the House of Commons, and as such may be questioned upon their conduct of public affairs by Members of the House, there has developed an elaborate defense system against too close prying into the matters entrusted to their keeping. The parliamentary secretary to a secretary of state is generally chosen for his ability to keep within the strict limits of responsibility to the House in answering questions, without letting out more information than he has to, or imparting it too intelligibly. Some experienced politicians, like members of those great families who go on for generations being secretaries of state for something or other, have cultivated an art of replying to questions in the House in a tone of gentle sarcasm withering to the soul of the interlocutor, and calculated to make him wish he had never been born, or at least had never asked the question.

We have no such responsibility, of course, but we have our "defense" attitude against "outsiders." Our Secretaries of State may decline information to Congress on the ground that it is "incompatible with the public interest" to give it. In England there is a limit even to defense sarcasm, for the House has power and therefore a direct remedy. With us, State Department men are practically immune. Callow youngsters embarking on the "career" are easily impressed with the apparent superiority of their service to all control. With that there is apt to creep in a feeling that theirs is a private rather than a public service. It takes very careful training in the Department not to unfit them beyond redemption for the duties and responsibilities that must devolve on them.

There has been some ill will among certain diplomats on the ground that the Department of Commerce was creating a semi-diplomatic service of its own, in its trade commissioners and commercial attachés with diplomatic status. The answer is plain. We were not training diplomats in the varied economic subjects which bulk so large in present-day diplomacy, nor were we allowing our first-rate consular officers to be utilized in that field as they could and should be, and now at last can be, since the Rogers Act. In the meantime Mr. Hoover commands a corps of men who would unquestionably make excellent ministers and consuls-general.

Another ill in the Department has been the system —or lack of it—in appointments and transfers. Greatly as that may have improved it is certain, nevertheless, that no official should be in charge of personnel whose position exposes him to the slightest breath of criticism, who is not protected against the remotest suggestion that he could use his office for his own advantage in the service. That is no less unfair to him personally than to the service at large. Guarantee against possibility of such implication is offered by Mr. Porter's bill, as well as continuity of contact with personnel and continuity in training. Finally, he proposes to recognize the legal counsel upon which the Secretary and his assistants must lean so heavily, and also the business administration of the Department. Neither the Rogers Act nor the Porter bill, if it is enacted, can be final, for the foreign service of the United States should never be so crystallized that its progress and flexibility could be injured.

Years ago there was a European diplomatic service in which one ambassadorial post was generally accepted as being the final goal of anyone's ambition. It was a "career" service, closed to "outsiders" and the process of advancement consisted in sitting through the years tightly and firmly with a minimum of disturbing initiative, until the one great crowning post should be vacated by death or superannuation, and an intensive campaign of social and political intrigue landed the fortunate successor, still sitting, at the apex of his career. It was the ideal of the bureaucratic "rond de cuir." No diplomatic service can escape that tendency completely nor without constant watchfulness, inside the service and from without.

Mr. Porter's bill is promising. It must remain ineffective, however, unless the greatest care be exerted in the choice of men to serve under its provisions. The public has a right to be fully satisfied there, for in the State Department national interests are at stake. It is not a private corporation, but a public service of genuinely vital importance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CONCERNING RUTH SCHAUMANN

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

"WE HAVE not among us the poets of knowledge," said Paul Valéry significantly, when he set out to find a place among the bards. His verse, it is true, celebrates the tension of intellectual and mystical effort—the contraction of the mind's sinews in the discipline of thought—rather than that overwhelming expanse of learning which has been mapped out by encyclopaedias and research publications. But, whatever its other virtues, it has created, at least for the moment, a new attitude toward the fact of poetry. "Pure" poetry has grown out of a shibboleth into a creed. We are (at all events, some of us are) of the opinion that the notable literary thing is not so much the ballast with which our flights are weighted down, but the flight itself, the insurgency, of our personalities. Of course this point of view has existed in other ages. Precisely because it has now been recovered, the poetry of Ruth Schaumann is most interesting.

And who is Ruth Schaumann? Many of those who went to see the Art in Trade exposition held at Macy's in New York during the past weeks must have asked this question. There an exhibit of art works in bronze and other materials bore her name and invited more attention than the hurried circumstances of the place permitted. A Visitation, carved from wood, has been purchased by the St. Louis Museum. Her Madonna and Child, to my mind the most touching and expressive of all the objects gathered for this exposition, is a perfect index to her quality as an artist in wood, metals and etching. Here is revealed a side of her genius which cannot be separated from her poetic achievement, but which I must pass over with a word. It testifies to an extraordinary ability to perceive nuances of form and character, as well as to a gift for harmonizing the remote, hidden, inward significance of things and men with the external show. This last virtue has been described by Francis Bacon as "submitting the shadows of things to the desires of the mind." More specifically it achieves what the Germans term "Verinnerlichung" and which is the standard by which their art, of the present and the past, must be judged.

Ruth Schaumann is German, of the Munich Germans. Her father was a cavalry officer. She is a married woman and the mother of children. Everything she does is rich with lucid imagery, as are the buildings of Bamberg and Dresden, though the South, Italy and Spain, casts the same spell upon her as it has immemoriably cast upon her countrymen. Add that she is a convert to the Catholic faith, to which she adheres in the finest manner of the contemporary German religious revival. Indeed the new sense of living the Catholic life, as expounded by such leaders as the Abbot Herwegen and Father Romano Guardini, might, I think, be divined from her work if no other information regarding it were available. German Catholicism is the same thing as English Catholicism, but a German Catholic is not the same thing as an English Catholic. The universal faith does not destroy but confirms in a marvelous manner an individuality that lies deeper than accidents of dress, speech and political allegiance.

One can explore the poetry of Ruth Schaumann profitably only after having borne these matters in mind. It is the verse of one for whom the universe is a whole, but it is not synthetic nor what is termed metaphysical. Such a distinction may sound a little like nonsense, but it is an important criterion for the judgment of poets. Coventry Patmore, for example, spent his life rhyming a cosmogony—a central fact about the world which he thought explained it all. You can walk to and fro among his stanzas, from The Espousals to Amelia, without ever failing to overhear the notes of this main theme. If I read Ruth Schaumann correctly, however, her basic assumption is that the rhythm of living itself, when it is full and correct, can never lose the tone of the universe. Each single experience is itself, but, precisely because it "is," it reverberates with the pulse of God. The soul accepts existence as it comes—not selected joys only, or the body, or a manner of living, but the wealth of all days, colors, glories, songs, outcries of pain, even sleep. And therefore every acceptance is an act of worship no less than a deed of self-expression.

This orientation is, of course, not of the poet's invention. Dante's "in His will there is our peace" phrases the essential point unforgettably. But it has been developed and enriched with marvelous clearness by the sponsors of the contemporary liturgical movement. They have shown us how the age-old problem of the opposition between the individual and the corporate life of humanity—and beyond that the tension between human desire and Divine will—is resolved in the life of the Church as a communion of the faithful. Writing in their spirit, but without any doctrinal pronouncements, Ruth Schaumann is a liturgical poet—not a writer of sacred hymns, but a writer for whom all hymns are sacred. Nearly every lyric has a religious connotation. Yet they are concerned, each one of them, with simple, actual, breathing things, with the diapason of the seasons. Not in the least self-conscious, this poetry is nevertheless invariably aware of experience.

The naturalness of Ruth Schaumann's work is attested to by the fact that it is consistently what she herself is—feminine, motherly, a believer. Take, for instance, the quality of melody. There is a certain exquisite sureness of touch, an infallible delicateness, in all her best work. But it seems, when compared with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the artfully perfected melodies of Rainer Maria Rilke (whose reputation for delicious cadences went around the world) quite distinctly naïve. He was still the mystic of the Wagnerian epoch, dissolving his masculine soul in symphonic music but never getting anywhere near the incomparable, genuine tenderness of motherhood. Ruth Schaumann has the directness of our younger world, is more concretely aware of the echoes in all movement, responsive to the mood that comes with standing in the presence of any picture, and still is free of all homage to irreverence. The technique of her verse is so little given to innovations that Amy Lowell would have regarded it with astonishment. For every suggestion of rhythmical novelty there are twenty reminders of Goethe or Brentano.

Here then is poetry which, like Valéry's, is a continuous chronicle of artistic experience. There is just one profound difference between the two: the Frenchman, who reveals his whole attitude in terming Semiramis "roi" and not "reine," is engrossed in standing contemplatively before his own mind; the German woman, constantly reiterating obedience, lives in the presence of God. Both have attained naturalness of demeanor—their gestures are beyond the constraints of either battle or surrender. The poetry of Ruth Schaumann is the product of a personality in equilibrium. The ecstasies and agonies of romanticism are absent, and in their stead we see something of that magnificent abandon which rises from out the calm of universal nature. Critically, of course, one might question its right to be. Many a contemporary soul, wounded in skirmishes out of which no victory seems to come, may find this poetry, in which man is so much at one with being (though at the cost of being a perennial slave to Christ) more tranquil than is life. Yet, in spite of the recurrence of definite and well-known moods, Ruth Schaumann is by no means always of one piece. Indeed, by reason of the abiding individuality of every experience, she is the least monotonous Catholic poet of the modern time. Nor could an art so rich in plastic imagery fail to offer, even to those who might discountenance entirely the underlying conception of life, the pleasure of variety.

The several volumes published by Ruth Schaumann indicate marked progress toward maturity. Of the first, entitled Knospengrund, a critic said that the poems were like those "doves of God" one sees in old pictures. There followed two lyric dramas—the one (Bruder Ginepro) Franciscan in character, the other (Die Glasbergkinder) developing a legend by using it as a charming symbol. In the next book of verse, Das Passionàl, a definite approach toward classic form or poise was quite evident. The various lyrics follow the Saviour's dolorous way to Calvary, even as one of the women of Jerusalem, dwelling in reverent contemplation years afterward, might have retraced that sacred history in thought. Simplicity and depth go hand in hand. A dainty lyric sequence for children, Die Rose, is adorned with woodcuts of the author's own making. Pictures and verses blend together, explaining the truth of Divine affection in a gentle maternal way. The most recent book, entitled Der Rebenhag, brings songs of love and marriage, reflections upon the images so dear to Christian contemplation and poems of sacred reverie. It is heavy with melody, vision and prayer, beautifully diversified, radiant with religious sentiment that has surmounted the difficult barrier lying between faith and expression.

Such is the work of Ruth Schaumann. The translations which appear in another section of this issue are designed to convey some impression of the original, so that those for whom German must always remain an unknown language may have reason for rejoicing that a new poet has been given to men. Regarding them a personal remark is in order. I may say that I have read the various Schaumann books with a joy that often enough bordered upon awe. Nobody, it is needless to declare, will derive anywhere near the same amount of ecstasy from reading my versions of lyrics chosen, it must be confessed, with an eye to the difficulties involved. I may declare by way of extenuation that I am not living in Florence or Westport, on an income. Let us hope that someone else, with the requisite time and skill, may be led to carry the work through in worthy style. That this hypothetical person may be sped to his post the sooner, I quote these words regarding Ruth Schaumann from a German Lutheran critic: "There is no dearth of religious verse in our time, but it seems to me that this young poet is quite different from all the others. Her feeling rises out of depths lying below the things that separate one Christian from another."

## *Two Poems*

### *Death*

I cannot believe that this little death we see
Daily above our heads, can be to us a care
Or even an obscure necessity.

I cannot believe that he threatens earnestly,
I still live, I have time to build, to dare,
My blood is red longer than a rose can be,
My mind is deeper than the witty play,
O despite these fears in which death delights
I am the world. . .
From which erring he fell away!

### *From the Book of Pilgrimage*

Put out my eyes and I can see Thee,
Close my ears and I can hear Thee,
And without feet I can go to Thee,
And without mouth I can call upon Thee.
Break off my arms and I can seize Thee
With my heart as with a hand.

Hold to my heart and my brain will beat,
And shouldst Thou throw conflagration in my brain
Then I will carry Thee upon my blood.

*Translated from the German of Rainer Maria Rilke by* ANNE RYAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *Grand Street Impersonations*

THE Grand Street Follies, which opened a new season recently—this time in upper New York—have as a background the summer productions of the old Neighborhood Playhouse. To a large extent the actors are the same as those who used to disport themselves in that far downtown section. A few new features, such as a competent orchestra and somewhat more elaborate staging, have been added to put the production in harmony with supposed Broadway requirements.

Let there be no mistake on one point, however. The Grand Streeters have not changed the quality of their performance, and still depend upon satirical thrusts at politics and at regular Broadway plays for the greater part of their evening's program. The Grand Street Follies demand a fairly accurate knowledge of the current season's plays in order to register their full point with the audience. This is true even when the satire is chiefly political, because they generally use the framework of some well-known play on which to hang the various political skeletons. Thus the approaching dilemma of Miss Columbia in deciding her preference between Coolidge, Hoover and Smith is billed as The Strange Inner Feud, and follows with amazing success the outlines of one of the most famous scenes of O'Neill's Strange Interlude. So, too, the Theatre Guild production of Marco Millions is transformed into a satire on the oil scandal and renamed for the occasion Marked Millions.

The greatest achievement of the Follies, however, is in bringing together a group of such superb artists in impersonation as Albert Carroll, Dorothy Sands and Paula Trueman. Here is something about which to grow lyrical, if the weather were not too hot. The art of successful impersonation is certainly something quite apart from acting in the ordinary sense. That half which has to do with catching the essential character of the victim impersonated is the nearest to the regulation actor's job. If Mr. Carroll, for example, were acting a character in a play, he would have to determine through some combination of visual and mental image just how that character would express himself under the stress of given emotions. And when Mr. Carroll is impersonating John Barrymore, it is just as necessary for him to feel as Barrymore might feel as it would be in a regular rôle to feel as the author's character is supposed to feel. To this extent the impersonator's art, like the actor's, is creative. He must reproduce in himself certain qualities which go much deeper than facial expression or physical resemblance. The rest of the job, however, depends on very accurate observation and the power to reproduce given mannerisms with fidelity. This outward imitation of some well-known person or actor is often confused with the complete art of impersonation. The real difference between the two lies exactly in the creative element which the real impersonator brings into play. In the case of Albert Carroll, he shows an almost contemptuous disregard of outer resemblance. It is the inner character he seeks to bring out with the aid of a few selected mannerisms.

In the present Follies he gives the best possible example of this part of his art in a double impersonation of Mrs. Fiske and Ethel Barrymore in the letter scene from The Merry Wives of Windsor. His costume is divided in half. There is a slight difference in the make-up on his face in each side, but so perfectly does he catch the inner feeling of these two actresses that I strongly suspect the impersonation would lose none of its delightful point if he were to do it all in a single costume. His whole being alters as he enters first one and then the other character, the tension of his body, too. There is great perfection of the outer details of imitation, but far more than that, there is a re-creating of inner quality that can only be achieved by the true artist. He does an equally devastating turn as Laurette Taylor as we saw her last winter in The Furies.

Dorothy Sands is hardly to be rated below Albert Carroll as an impersonator. To see her as Miss Haidee Wright delivering the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth is to realize that here again the re-creation of inner quality is vastly more important than the perfection of outer resemblance. By common consent, however, her finest achievement in this program is a conception of Juliet as Mae West might play her, in the costume of Diamond Lil. This particular piece of work comes in as part of a general burlesque on the way Max Reinhardt might stage Romeo and Juliet.

In the case of Miss Paula Trueman, it must be admitted that her emphasis is more on outer detail and less on inner personality than is true of either Mr. Carroll or Miss Sands. Yet so complete and startling is her portrayal of Helen Hayes in a burlesque musical version of Coquette that it seems almost unjust to hint that she is less of an impersonator and more of an imitator than the other two. (At the Booth Theatre.)

## *Irish Guild Players*

COMING from somewhere and headed possibly toward some equally unknown place, a valiant little group has taken the Provincetown Playhouse for the summer months and is presenting there a series of one-act and longer plays dealing exclusively with the Irish scene. Their work, it must be frankly said, varies from good to atrociously bad, with a sincerity that tempts one to be blind to all their faults.

For one thing, they are doing a valuable work in spreading a better knowledge of the Irish literature of the stage. It is too bad, in a way, that they have such meagre resources to bring to so important a task, and yet, as we look back over the history of the modern New York stage, there have been many specialized theatrical movements which have started with equally slight equipment. Certainly the Irish theatre has a basic charm to be found in no other idiom. The Irish idiom is peculiarly poetic: many of its inversions have a quality which makes prose at times seem superior even to verse.

What I should like to suggest, quite seriously, is that anyone truly interested in the possibilities of Irish dramatic literature should visit the Provincetown Playhouse during the next few weeks, and by exercising a little tolerance and understanding, try to discover in the rather crude efforts of this group the possibilities of a much finer development, if the work were encouraged along practical lines. Here, at least, is an example of decent theatre—of something which rises clear and free of current theatrical smut. If the present efforts are not wholly captivating, the fault lies not in the devotion of the Irish Guild Players, but in the lack of attention and support from quarters whence they have a right to expect it—support which would enable them to give their work a place of real honor and distinction in New York. (At the Provincetown Playhouse.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# POEMS OF RUTH SCHAUMANN

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER

## *Lullaby*

Little one, sleep,
The wind must creep
On tiptoe, light,
This mellow night:
Through it the angels wander.
Sleep now, my dear,
Their wings are near
This and that bed yonder.

Slumber, my child,
The mouse has filed
His teeth somewhere;
And moonbeams stare
At the roses in your cheeks.
Sleep, sleep my prince,
The birds long since
Have tucked away their beaks.

Little one, dream!
The garden stream
Goes very still,
As is God's will.
Sleep, child, a watch will He
Keep over you
And all dreams strew
With flowers the angels see.

## *Saul and David*

The boy's swift fingers skimmed the latticed strings
As if they raced through sunbeams silver clean;
So that a wood in that bleak hall of kings
Rose from the harp, its myriad treetops green.

Tall hinds from hunt-distracted knolls
Led clumps of deer, sunbrowned and still,
Toward valleys lustrous as emerald bowls
With moss and peace and limpid water-rill. . .

As through his music white doves whirled
The air above him with a shadow gleamed:
Against the wall a lance was hurled.

## *Children*

These are, though born of me,
Not mine to hoard:
Thy love hath bade them be,
Thine are they, Lord.

From cradle song to joust,
From milk to wine,
Out of my womb toward dust,
Their lives incline.

Dearest, my boy and maiden,
Blood, bone of mine,
Be His arms with you laden!
Lord, keep them Thine!

## *The Good Thief*

Through clouds rain-filled and reeling
A dove's bright wings are wheeling
As if they glowed with God.
And croaking hoarsely, a raven
That flaps its great wings craven
Skims the dark sod.

To what place are they flying?
Toward a dark hill lying
Beneath gaunt crosses three.
The raven swoops ungainly,
His cry reëchoing plainly,
Upon the leftward tree.

Gently the dove is drooping
To the tall cross rightward stooping,
In its own comely mood.
And lonely in between them
The Lamb that would redeem them
Hangs on the third great rood.

Dire is the raven's clamor:
The dove does all enamor
With her sad, sweet hymn
Of error's swift forgiving
And a soul's triumphant living
In paradise with Him.

## *At Evening*

You are the evening haven
Wherein my eyes may close,
In which my curtained spirit
Nor will nor doing knows.
You clothe as the aroma
To snuffed-out candles clings;
Your suffering and sadness
Are over me like wings.

The blackbird sings of slumber
Till dreams her brood and nest;
And while his sheep are silent,
The shepherd dog's at rest.
I fold my hand, still fearing
Your armies mustered round:
I tremble, then confiding
Earth sinks into a swound.

Do you tuck all men's spirits
As gently in as mine?
Are others' errors covered
With sympathy Divine?
Against your heart you've crushed me,
Your arms about me furled. . .
Oh, Merciful, have mercy
On all the aching world!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# COMMUNICATIONS

## ARE CHURCH AND STATE SEPARATE?

Racine, Wis.

TO the Editor:—The article, Are Church and State Separate? by Clarence Manion, in your issue of June 13, 1928, assumes that government, according to American political theory, exists solely to secure certain "unalienable rights." Professor Manion bases this assumption upon the statement in the Declaration of Independence that governments are instituted among men to secure those rights, and upon the supposed political philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. He says that "to say that the government is instituted to bring about 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' or to establish 'the general welfare; is not only to rewrite all of our constitutional history, but also to draw the prevailing and most influential church into an indissoluble union with the state."

His purpose is laudable. But he proves too much. A government only able to secure "unalienable rights" would be suited only to a primitive community. And his assumptions are based on a misunderstanding of the purpose of the phrases quoted from the Declaration and a myopic misreading of Jefferson's political career.

Professor Carl Becker in his Declaration of Independence says that the purpose of the instrument is stated in the opening paragraph. It is to "declare the causes which impel them to the separation" (from the mother country). To show these causes it shows that the actions of the king have been subversive of certain rights which it is the purpose of government to secure. It is not an instrument of government and does not attempt to state all of the purposes of government.

As for Jefferson, he was in his early days an advocate of "laissez faire" in theory, and at one time made some irrelevant remarks about preferring newspapers to government where there was a necessity to choose. He even depicted the state of the governmentless aborigine as desirable. But while his first inaugural address may lend color to Professor Manion's statements, he soon learned by experience that it was necessary to modify his theory to fit the facts. His acts and policies as President will not fit his early talk. His second annual message gives a lengthy catalogue of the purposes of government. And a letter to Vander Kemp in 1812 says: "The only orthodox object of the institution of government is to secure the greatest degree of happiness possible to the general mass of those associated under it."

Apart from all this, the constitution is the basis of our government. Its preamble sets forth the purposes of our government, of which the securing of "the blessings of liberty" is but one among a number which include the promotion of "the general welfare."

Nothing will be gained by adopting a theory of government which must be wrenched into all conceivable shapes to cover ordinary needs. The limitations of government arise from the nature, culture and inter-relations of the subjects of its operation, men, the nature of its instrumentalities, and the principles of right reason. From the days of the Angelic Doctor to the present time its supreme purpose has generally been recognized as "the common good."

CORNELIUS COLBERT.

---

*(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)*

# BOOKS

## Back to Monticello

*Drifting Sands of Party Politics, by Oscar W. Underwood. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.*

THIS book, by the grand old man of the southern Democracy, assumes an importance out of all relation to its contents. Senator Underwood reviews the history of his times, in the light of the eternal verities of Jeffersonian Democracy, and passes adverse judgment on the centralizing tendencies of the past thirty years. "If I were asked what changes have taken place in our government since the period of the Spanish War," he says in one place, "I might answer that the entire government has changed." He heartily disapproves of the existence of such commissions and bureaus as the Tariff Commission and Federal Trade Commission and heaps contumely upon the child labor law and the theory of federal prohibition. He excoriates the protective tariff and approves of the Federal Reserve Board only in the sense that the state banks no longer existed in shape to undertake its function.

There is nothing very new in all this. It has all been said before. The significance of this book is in that Senator Underwood has slipped one over on the party managers and has written the Democratic platform several months in advance. There can be no doubt that Senator Underwood will hold high office in the event of a Democratic victory this November. Here is the mind of the man who may be our next Secretary of State or of the Treasury.

Senator Underwood holds to the ideal of an America which does not need leading-strings, political, social or economic. "They did not need a guardian," he exclaims, "they who were confronted by the hardships of a frontier country." He traces the beginnings of our downfall to "the closing days of the Cleveland administration and the beginning of the McKinley administration" as marking "the point where the era of Lincoln's elementary government of our country ended and where the era of Mark Hanna with all its complications began. I wish to make clear the beginning of the era of central control in government. There has been a great loss of the power delegated by the constitution to the Congress within the last thirty years."

This change he attributes quite simply to party politics. He would have the American nation go back to the Methusalem of Jeffersonian Democracy, as the cure-all for the ills of the present. For the convenience of those who have forgotten the principles of his party, he thus summarizes their essential character:

"Let us consider only the direct problem before us and see if we can agree on four principles of government as those most necessary for the safe guidance of the ship of state, whose abandonment would put in jeopardy the rights of the individual. They are: first, The government that governs least, governs best; second, that local self-government is essential to good government; third, that the prime purpose of government should be to protect the rights and the liberties of the people; and last but not least in importance, that a free people should be governed by well-defined laws and not by the fiat of the changing rules and regulations of men."

With this start, he proceeds to expound the principles of the Democracy and the economic and financial legislation of the last thirty years. In his account, one misses certain very important elements. He is absolutely silent on the subject of federal flood control and of farm relief. To a thorough-going Jeffer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonian, these should be anathema quite as much as the tariff and the child labor law. But the Democratic party is the chief economic beneficiary of the first and hopes to be the political beneficiary of the second, so this silence is at least strategic. Equally strategic is his selection of the standard-bearers for his renovation of Jeffersonism. "The true tradition of Thomas Jefferson [he writes] survives with more strength in the great cities of the East, with their foreign population, largely Catholic in religion, than in the West and South, where the people are of Revolutionary blood and Protestant in religion." Will somebody page Alfred E. Smith?

Senator Underwood closes his prospectus of the Houston Convention with a glimpse of "the chromosomes of our new political life": "Organized wealth, organized religion, and organized prejudice . . . in the main, have made the laws and run the government in recent years, and each has collected its share of the toll as we went along. Protection, prohibition and political office have become the slogan of victory." This means that, to achieve liberation from the organized tyrannies of the powerful minorities which support the present system, we must undo the work of the last generation, destroying such trifles as the Anti-saloon League, the National Chamber of Commerce and the organization of both political parties.

In conclusion, one should note Senator Underwood's theory of how this would work in practice. In the case of prohibition, he believes in repealing federal enforcement and leaving the matter of regulation to state laws and local option. That this would involve "nullification" he blandly admits. He cites, in support of this view, what he curiously terms the "blue-stocking" laws, and the Fourteenth Amendment, unenforceable and unenforced. Perhaps this is what is meant by the phrase that "ours is a government of laws, not men." At all events, the Honorable Oscar W. Underwood has made it quite clear that the Democratic party has no reason to fear its new northern leadership, or to side-step on prohibition. If it goes back to its first principles it will find that the Sage of Monticello has provided it with the basis for a reasonable compromise which need not lose it the election.

JOHN CARTER.

## "Vox Clamantis . . ."

*Jörgensen—an Autobiography, by Johannes Jörgensen; translated from the Danish by Ingeborg Lund. London: Sheed and Ward. 10s. 6d.*

THIS translation—the first into English—embraces volumes one to three of the noted Danish poet and author's six-volume autobiography. It covers, in one volume, the period from his birth in the charming Baltic fishing town of Svendborg, until the end of his first visit to Italy, as a young man, just preceding his conversion to Catholicism. The book was begun at Siena and finished at Assisi, where the Nordic biographer of Saint Francis has made his home for many years, amid the scenes of his first earnest struggle to become a Christian, which led him straight to the Church of Rome. It is a record of his mental and spiritual development, of a continued movement toward eternal truth, a weary pilgrimage that led through agnosticism, pantheism, humanism, "Tolstoyism," and what-not—until finally the true purpose of his life unfolded, and he became Rome's defender and prophet in the North, a vox clamantis, as he puts it himself somewhere in the book. For there can be no doubt that he—directly and indirectly—has done more than any other man to stimulate the revival of Catholicism in Denmark, where, with the possible exception of Johannes V. Jensen, he is the most widely-read living writer.

The English translation follows closely upon a French and an Italian version (Johannes Jörgensen is especially well known in Belgium, through a war book describing the German invasion). It successfully reproduces the author's vivid and intimate style. By substituting fictitious names for the real ones, and making a few changes in "plot," one might have a highly interesting novel. As it is, it is a life history no less fascinating. The author himself seems to feel the presence of this fictional quality when he says, in the preface:

"I might have written a sort of novel instead of an autobiography, but I do not see the use of writing in the third person instead of in the first. . . . After all, everyone knows that 'he' is only a mask concealing 'I.' Besides, even if I say 'I,' this 'I' is not always I. The formula for a book like this must always be that given by Goethe: truth and fiction. Indeed, how can one tell the truth at all without inventing? One does not want to empty a basketful of facts upon one's reader—one wishes to give him an impression of a life, of a development, of something that acts on a definite plan and is driven by definite forces. . . . I have myself learned a great deal from this study of the Self. I have in particular found the confirmation of one of my favorite ideas, namely this, that in life one reaches exactly that which in one's inmost soul one desired to reach. . . . I am not speaking here, of course, of the exterior, the merely formal ideal. I am speaking of the ideal which is a vital force—the ideal of your blood, the ideal of your flesh, the ideals of your longings and of your will. Be not afraid—or rather, be afraid: whither those ideals will lead you, thither you will go. As they are, so you will be. . . ."

Although the present volume may be considered complete in that it presents all the facts leading up to Jörgensen's taking the great step—the great leap that such a conversion always is, it is sincerely to be hoped that the remainder of the work will soon be within reach of the English-speaking reader. The second half deals with the poet's struggle to hold on to his new faith in the face of the crushing emergencies arising at home—the loss of practically all the friends of his youth, the scorn of many influential men who had previously respected and helped him (his circumstances remained pitifully poor until well into middle life, when he finally achieved literary success) domestic discord and many other trials and disappointments. The heaviest cross of all probably was an unrest of soul that seized him at intervals, and chilled him with doubt, but out of which he always fought his way, emerging with a faith confirmed and stronger, because tried in the fire of his heart.

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING.

## Faugh-A Ballagh

*Ireland and the Foundations of Europe, by Benedict Fitzpatrick. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. $4.00.*

THE earlier volume by Mr. Benedict Fitzpatrick on Ireland and the Making of Britain was a call to which, as the New York Herald Tribune declared, "the world must listen and which will not be without its lasting effect." For with the fine array of material that remained scattered and ineffectual among the sources of the world's scholarship, Mr. Fitzpatrick's book made a gallant charge, without quavering, upon many of the current assumptions in our histories, and left a flag flying upon the ramparts of prejudice and smugness that has called him to another attack upon the unfair strongholds of racial, religious and national presumptions.

There is a general feeling among modern Irishmen that to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL**

630 Riverside Drive, New York City

Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland

**Popular Pamphlets on Evolution**

THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY EXPLAINED. Price, 5 cents; $3.50 per 100 copies. Postage extra.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION, *Revised Edition*, 15 cents at retail; 10 cents at wholesale. Postage extra.

*By* Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P.

THE PAULIST PRESS, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

**MALVERN**

*Preparatory School*

RESIDENT and Day School situated in beautiful Chester valley. Large estate. New buildings. Athletic field, gymnasium, lake. Classical and scientific courses of four years each. Catalog.

REV. W. G. RAFTER, O.S.A., *Headmaster*, Malvern, Pa.

**OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY**

Syosset, Long Island, New York

A Residential and Day School for Girls will open September, 1928. Healthful Location, Modern Equipment. Regents' Requirements. Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Address the Directress.

**ACADEMY of the SACRED HEARTS**

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

*Boarding and Day School for Girls*

Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

*Conducted by the Religious of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts*

ROME

These Religious also conduct an Establishment in Rome. A large estate beautifully situated on the Via Salaria. Excellent advantage in Modern Languages, Music and Art.

For further information communicate with the

REVEREND MOTHER, 466 Prospect St., Fall River, Mass.

**Academy of Notre Dame**

TYNGSBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS

*A Catholic Boarding School for Girls*

*Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur*

Affiliated to the Catholic University, to Trinity College and to Emmanuel College

The Academy replaces the boarding department of the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell. It comprises primary, grammar and High School Classes. The two hundred and twenty acres lie among New England hills and woods, affording opportunities for all out-door sports, including boating and horse-back riding.

*Address* SISTER SUPERIOR

**BURR PRINTING HOUSE**

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING


claim too much importance in the world developments is almost as bad as to claim too little; but a study of Mr. Fitzpatrick's work, a consideration of the position of Ireland in the chaotic centuries wherein its glories were first declared, a knowledge of Irish spirit and spirituality, love of beauty and art, will show that the enormous claims in his new book, Ireland and the Foundations of Europe, are timely, not without warrant and in no way intemperate.

"Ireland," he tells us, "attained at an early age the secret of stability. Her monarchy, established, according to an ancient Irish tract, when Alexander reigned in Greece, was still flourishing when the French Plantagenets ruled England, the succession, during the last eight hundred years, descending almost unbroken in a single great Irish gens.

"Before the school of Athens had been closed by Justinian, the great island of the Gael had become honeycombed with schools, so broadly based and deeply ringed in the hearts of the people that among human institutions they alone were to compare with it in their duration through the centuries and their influence on the civilization that was to be."

Mr. Fitzpatrick passes on to his consideration of the learning of the early middle-ages, the councils, synods, monastery foundations, the primitive lawgivers, the wandering missionaries and scholars, "whose toga of white homespun, frontal tonsure and painted eyelids were known on every road that led to the Mediterranean and the East." Columbanus, Fergil of Salzberg, Adelbert and Clemens in Germany, with Dungal, Sedulius of Liege, Macarius, and John Scotus Eringena, walk in this great defile from the Irish schools and churches, with Marianus Scotus, Fursa of Péronne, and the romantic Dymphna of Brabant; Donatus of Fiesole, scholars whom Charlemagne loved and preferred; Dicuil, the geographer, who gives proof that Irishmen lived in Iceland before A. D. 795, long before a Norseman's foot was set upon that island; Adamnan, whose book on the holy places was adapted by Saint Bede in his Historia Ecclesiastica. It is a vast panorama, flattering to the Gaelic heart, accredited with new citations and authorities, growing more intricate as the centuries move on until we are left almost blinded to the forest of these formative centuries by the leafage of these Irish trees.

Mr. Fitzpatrick makes a real contribution in his summary of Irish classics on ancient culture. His work, presented in a very winning style, is sure of a popular acclaim among his people, as well as constant use in reference and for the refreshment of scholarly readers.

RODERICK GILL.

## The Tyranny of a Thesis

*November Night, by the author of Miss Tiverton Goes Out. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.*

"MISS TIVERTON" has written another novel, which is cause for rejoicing; Miss Tiverton's novels are always good reading, and they usually have the greater merit of having a philosophical background; but it begins to look as though the philosophy was going to swallow the story, which is bad art. One imagines the author sitting down to a typewriter and writing out an idea, which has just occurred to "her," namely, "One cannot be both happy and selfish, no matter what one's intellectual attainments." This is a perfectly good idea, and one which is eminently suitable for incorporation in a work of art, but one must not begin with the idea and set out to illustrate it; one must begin with a story and let it illustrate this, or any other idea you chose. That seems to be the paradoxical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

core of the whole business; it is the problem of the one and the many, stated aesthetically. One can absorb oneself in either only to one's harm; the proper attitude is to treat the one-in-the-many as a relation rather than to assign paramount importance to either.

Denise's true love dies in the war; she is a sensitive, imaginative, selfish young lady with emotions—and she marries (de convenance) a big, kindly brute of a business man who sprinkles his conversation with "I reckons." She scorns him, her vulgar mother, everyone, in fact, except her equally complex and selfish brother, who turns out to be a rogue in the bargain. Then Denise goes through the process of having a child, which dies, and she learns the eternal truth of the maxim mentioned above.

It is all rather wooden; the wheels creak audibly. If only Miss Tiverton would write a story, and let the significance go hang! It would probably be there all right, and the story would be far better than November Night. The old tenderness, the old magic is there, but do let us be a little less consciously philosophical next time.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

## Orator and Prophet

*Edmund Burke, by Bertram Newman. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.*

EDMUND BURKE deserves a better fate than that which we Americans have meted out to him. For many years high school seniors have been forced to have a bowing acquaintance with him, because, forsooth, he once championed our cause against his own countrymen. They have been required to outline his speech on Conciliation with America and to memorize a few of its striking passages; but it is to be feared they have gladly put aside the book and have been content to remember him as a friend who tried in vain to help us in our infancy.

What is needed to offset the harm that has thus been done to a great and noble Englishman and to present him in all his weakness and strength has been supplied by Mr. Newman in this brief, accurate and attractive biography. Here Burke is portrayed as an "essentially warm-hearted and high-principled man, great in his ideals and his purposes, in his loves, his hates and his energy"; in private life, a very good fellow, a moderate drinker and a wonderful talker; in public life, though often irritable and intractable, yet zealously devoting himself to lost causes in the interest of country, justice and humanity. These high ends he never lost sight of despite the fact that he was an ardent party man throughout his whole career. A genius, who was also "one of the most laborious of men," he was a master of the details of finance, one of our earliest modern sociologists, and a sane and liberal student of the theory and practice of government. As a rhetorician, he availed himself of all the resources of the oratorical as well as the familiar style, and of his own exuberant imagination and powerful emotions; yet he always laid a firm basis of facts. As he grew older, he became more and more the prophet, with his feet strongly rooted in the past, visioning far-off events with all the clarity of an eighteenth-century classicist and all the fervor of a romanticist of the days of Victor Hugo.

Mr. Newman has been singularly happy in his distribution of emphasis upon the many aspects of Burke's life and in the selection of excerpts from his speeches and writings. His style, too, reflects the serious personality it reveals.

FRANCIS A. LITZ.

**LADYCLIFF ACADEMY**
Highland Falls, N. Y.
Chartered Regents School for Girls
Military Training in Small Boy's Dept.

**MOUNT SAINT AGNES**
MT. WASHINGTON, MD.
*Boarding and Day School—Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy*
HIGH SCHOOL COURSE OF FOUR YEARS
Affiliated with Catholic University of America. Approved and accredited by the Maryland State Department of Education and the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. College Preparatory, General Academic, Commercial Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Horseback Riding. Private Rooms with or without bath.
JUNIOR HIGH AND PREPARATORY CLASSES
Secretarial School for High School Graduates

*The Commonweal Recommends—*
**A. BRUDERHAUSEN**
47 WEST 47th STREET, NEW YORK CITY
**Dealer in German Books and Publications**
*Unusually Reasonable Prices*

**WALTER J. FAHY & CO.**
*Members New York Stock Exchange*
NEW YORK
44 Pine Street — John 4100
522 Fifth Avenue — Murray Hill 3700

**Mount St. Joseph College**
DUBUQUE, IOWA
*Conducted by* THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, B.V.M.
**A standard college for the higher education of women.**
Holds membership in the Association of American Colleges and in the North Central Association.
Ideal location.
*Thoroughly modern equipment.*
*Address:* OFFICE OF THE DEAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**SETON HILL COLLEGE**
GREENSBURG, PA.
An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
*College Women From Eighteen States*
46 Miles from Dixie 43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

**GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.**
*A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN*
*Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees.*
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
*Catalogue on application to the Secretary*

**URSULINE ACADEMY**
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
*PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS*
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
*Chartered by the University of the State of New York*

**MELROSE ACADEMY**
*School for Girls*
Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes, Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.
Term begins September 20
*Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart*

**St. Hilda Guild, Inc.**
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
*Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches*
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
*Vanderbilt 8761*

*A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS*
**OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child**
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. Resident and Day Pupils
*Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points*
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. 44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

**ACADEMY OF THE ASSUMPTION**
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School for Girls
General, College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses offered. Special Courses in Music, Art, Foreign Languages and Expression. Junior and Intermediate Departments make provision for work preparatory to High School. Extensive grounds for outdoor recreation. Tennis, basketball, horseback riding, tobogganing, skating.

**ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY for Boys**
from five to fourteen years is under the same management. Competent instructors in Military Drill, Athletics and Horseback Riding. For catalogue apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.

## Current Magazines

AMONG the interesting magazines for the current month, periodicals that may escape notice on our crowded newspaper booths, is a fine number of the monthly Poland, with papers on the national painter, Wyspianski, and the well-known American-Polish bridge-builder, Ralph Modjeski. There is the usual interesting make-up of notes and timely illustrations, constituting an issue highly creditable to Poland's editors and founders.

THE Syrian World continues, in its June number, to present the history and culture of its holy land. Reverend W. A. Mansur writes on Religious Tolerance for Syria's Progress; Byron Smith studies Arabian words in the English vocabulary; and there is an excellent review of Ameen Rihani's Maker of Modern Arabia.

IN THE Magnificat, from Manchester, New Hampshire, we find a rich array of American poetry by J. Corson Miller, Edgar Daniel Kramer, Susanne Alice Ranlett, Reverend Hugh F. Blunt, Sister M. Miriam, Florence Jones Hadley, Anna Cecilia Doyle, Catherine Parmenter, Reverend Edward A. Kerr and Hugh Mackey, in addition to an appreciative paper by Catherine McPartlin on The Poetry of Father Earls.

THE Year Book of the Poetry Society of Marquette University is a pleasing newcomer in these poetry shelves. The fine civic spirit of Milwaukee comes forth in verse that is clear-cut, clean and lofty in purpose. Many of these Marquettian singers show something more than promise—a real achievement already accomplished in poetry.

THE June annual of the Saturday Evening Quill Club of Boston is a handsome concoction of prose and verse by unprofessional writers, who incidentally happen to be Negroes. There is an admirable absence of jazz and Harlem posturings in this publication of the Boston Afro-Americans. Among the more striking contents of this particular issue is the poem, Old Man Death, by Waring Cuney.

THE American Scandinavian Review for June gives us an admirable paper and illustrations on Smaland and Kalmar Castle. There is an interesting paper on the Danish Vitus Bering, discoverer of Bering Strait, and an excellent résumé of The Newer Poets and Academicians in Sweden, with the usual table of timely notes on Scandinavian events.

## CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON, American newspaperman and correspondent for the New York Times, World and Tribune, is the author of The New Voter; and Party Leaders of the Time.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, formerly in the American diplomatic service in Korea and Guatemala, is a general critic of international affairs.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, the German poet, was born in Prague in 1875. His works in six volumes are an acknowledged part of modern German literature. His death occurred in a German monastery in January, 1928. Anne Ryan, his translator, is the author of Lost Hills.

RUTH SCHAUMANN is the subject of a biographical and literary study from editorial hands.

JOHN CARTER is the author of Man Is War.

VAUGN FRANCIS MEISLING, a newspaperman in Philadelphia, is a native of Denmark. He was educated at Stanford and Harvard Universities.

RODERICK GILL is an occasional contributor to The Commonweal and other literary periodicals.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE is a literary critic at large for the American magazines.

FRANCIS A. LITZ, the author of Father Tabb: A Study of His Life and Works, is an instructor in English in the Baltimore City College and the Teachers College of Johns Hopkins University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED